



**H**ere after fo-

loweth twoo fruttfull and godly  
praters / the one in laude and  
prayse of the trinitie / and  
the other desirynge  
grace to with  
stande the  
feare of death.

Impznted at London / in Pauls  
les churchyarde by Rycharde  
Lantel and Rycharde  
Bankes.

Anno Domini, M, D, XLV.

Cum priuilegio ad impri  
mendum solum,



Gift of  
Wm. A. Houston  
May 31 1940.

A prayer to the trinitie

**O** Holy God of dreadfull maiestie  
Verely one/three/and three in one (be  
Whom angels serue whose werkes all creaturs  
Whiche heuen and earth/directest all a lone  
We thee beseeche good lord/mith whofull moue  
Spare vs wretches/ and washe a waye our gyle  
That wee bee not/by thy iust anger spilt

**I**n straight ballance/of rigorous iudgement  
If thou shouldest/our synnes ponder and waye  
Who able wer/to beare thy punishment  
The whole engyn/of all this worlde I saie  
The engyn/that endure shall for aie  
With suche examination/male not stande  
Space of one moment/in thy angry hande.

**W**ho is not borne/in synne originall  
Who dooth not actuall synne/in sundry wise  
But thou art he good lord/that sparest all  
With piteouse mercie/temperyng iustice  
For as thou doest/to vs rewardes deuise  
A boue our merites/so doest thou dispence  
Thy punishment/far vnder our offence.

**M**ore is thy mercie lord/then all our syn  
To geue theim/that vnworthy bee  
More goodly is/and more mercie therein  
How bee it/worthie inough are thei perdie  
Bee thei neuer so vnworthie/whom that he  
List to accept/where so euer he taketh  
Whom he vnworthy fyndeth/worthie maketh



**A prayer to the trinitie.**

**¶** Wherefore good lord/ that aye mercifull art  
Unto thy grace/ and soueraigne dignitee  
Wee sely wretches/ crye with wofull harte  
Our synnes forget/ and our malignitee  
With piteous ples/ of thy benignitee  
Frendly loke on vs/ once thyne owne we bee  
Seruautes oz synners/ whether it liketh thee

**¶** Synners/ if thou our cryme beholde certain  
The cryme/ the werke/ of our vicerues mynde  
But if thy giftes/ thou beholde again  
Thy giftes noble/ wonderfull and kynde  
Thou halt vs then/ the same persones fynde  
Whiche are to thee and haue been/ by long space  
Seruautes by nature/ children by thy grace.

**¶** But this thy goodnes/ wryngeth vs alas  
For we whom grace/ had made thy children dere  
Are made thy gilty folke/ by our trespas  
Synne hath vs gilty made/ this many a yere  
But let thy grace/ thy grace that hath no pere  
Of our offence/ surmounten all the pzeace  
That in our synne/ thy honoz maie encreate.

**¶** For though thy goodnes/ through thy mightie  
Maie otherwise appeare sufficiently power  
As thynges/ whiche thy creatures euey oare  
With one voyce/ declare and testify  
Thy goodnes yet/ thy syngular mercy  
Thy pteous harte/ thy gracious indulgence  
Nothyng so clerely sheweth/ as our offence.

**A prayer to the trinitie.**

**What but our syn/hath shewed y mighty loue  
Whiche able was/thy dzedfull maiestie  
To drawe downe in to earth/from heuen a boue  
And crucifie god/that we poze wretches wee  
Should from our filthy synnes/cleansed bee  
With bloode and water/of thyne owne syde  
That stremed/ from thy blessed woundes wyde.**

**Thy loue and pitie/thus O heuenly kyng  
Our euill maketh matter/of thy goodnes  
O loue O pitie/our welth aye well prouidyng  
O goodnes secyng/thy seruautes in desires  
O loue O pitie/well nigh now thankeles  
O goodnes myghtie/gracious and wyse  
And yet almoste vanquished with our vise.**

**Graunt good lorde/suche hete into my hart  
That into this loue of thyne/male bee egall,  
Graunt me from satans seruice to start  
With whō me ruth/so long to haue been thrall  
Graunte me good lorde/and creator of all  
The flame to queneche/of all synncfull desire  
And in thy loue/set all my harte a fyze.**

**That when the iournay/of this dedly life  
My selfe ghooste/hath finished and thence  
Depart muste/with out his fleshely wife  
A lone into his lordes high presence  
He maye the synde/O well of indulgence  
In thy lordeshippe/not as a lorde but rather  
As a very louyng and tender father.**

**finis**

A prayer against the fere of death:

**O** Worde Iesu/ the onely health of men liuyng  
And life euerlastyng/ of the whiche faithfull dy  
I moste wretched synner/ doo giue to the praisyng  
And wholy submit my self/ to thy greate mercy  
Nothyng can bee compared/ vnto thy pity  
None trulpy can perishe/ that putteth their trust in **þ**  
wherfore moste louyng lord/ haue mercy now on me

Haue mercy & pity on me/ I say/ moste merciful lord  
whiche hūbly beseeche the/ to giue me now thy grace  
That I may now willyngly/ forsake al frail discord  
Pertaynyng to this life/ now graūt me tyme & space  
Here to dispise this fleche/ that I maye se thy face  
I trust moste blessed lorde/ in thy compassion  
More clerely for to rise/ in my resurreccion.

**O** mercifull Iesu/ I humbly crye to the  
that **þ** wilt by thy grace/ make sure & strōg my soule  
Against the fere of death/ my fleche sore troubleth me  
That frō temptacions/ my corporall pies may roule  
And that I maye se the/ with the pies of my soule  
This mercifully here me/ auert from me thy sworde  
Of thy indignacion/ accordyng to thy worde.

**O** Worde vnder the buckler/ of mercy thou me kepe  
Like as thou hast preserued/ thy holy matters all  
whō thou madeſt overcome/ the ferce tormentes depe  
Of their greuous death/ & broughte the out of thral  
That I maye haue like grace/ to the I hartely call  
Haue mercy on my soule/ when it passeth my body  
which of his own kind/ worketh nought but misery



### A prayer against

✠ I acknowledge my self/that I am destitute  
Of all succor and help/ nothing I worke but synne  
Of my selfe good lord/but yet I make my sute  
Puttyng my trust in the/at length heuen to wyne  
For my confidence/onely good lord is in  
The my lord and sauour, Iesu my saluacion  
By the merites of thy death/ and of thy passion.

No merites nor good workes/nor of myself I haue  
Before y<sup>e</sup> to knowlege/wherefore my flesh with quake  
But only it lieth in the good lord/ my soule to saue  
Not able I am to y<sup>e</sup>/ for my synnes amēdes to make  
Through thy mercy by faith/ yet in thy blod I take  
A perfect hope & trust/thou wilt not impute my synne  
But accept into thy grace/ through y<sup>e</sup> heuē to winne

Thou mercifull lord/which borne was for my sake  
And for me a synner/ great tormentes & great payne  
Thou hast in erth here take/ fro sine me for to wake  
To hange vpon the crosse/ thy selfe didst not abstaine  
To haue thy syde wide opē/no smart y<sup>e</sup> didst refrain  
To shed thy precious blode/y<sup>e</sup> barest to mā such lous  
Non might bide such smart/for mā this wil I proue

Make all these thy paynes/ good lord to profit me  
Let thy most precious blode/ my soule & body cleanse  
Let the smart passion/whiche thou suffered on tre  
Satisfy for my synnes/I cannot make no mense  
Of my selfe good lord/ so opprest I am with senes  
Let thy righteousness/my vnrightheousnes hyde  
Waue from me my synnes/ that I from the not slide

the feare of death.

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Gyue me grace O lordc/ I wauer not in faith  
But to be firme and stable/ in the Oliuynng god  
My hope and saluacion/ thus the scriptures saith  
This fleſhe do not cōfoūde me/ I ſould taſt thy rod  
That my loue and charite/ to the bee not doun trod  
Finally the weakenes/ of this my fleſhely breth  
Ouercome be not/ at any tyme with the fere of death

G Beaūt me o meercifull lordc/ as my truſt is in the  
That when death ſutteth vp/ the pies of my body  
The pies of my ſoule/ to the liſned maye be  
By true faith and hope/ to liue eternally  
where as is no diſcorde/ no payne nor miſery  
But euerlaſtyng peace/ whiche no tounge can tell  
But euer ſhall induet/ for euer I know right well

This when death ſhall take/ away my tounge & voyce  
yet my harte maye crye/ and ſaie to the O lordc  
In thy holy handes/ now let my ſoule reioyce  
Like a louyng father/ accordyng to thy worde  
Let not my ſoule ſuffer/ the ier of thy ſworde  
This bothe ſoule and body/ to the I doo commend  
To whom bee honoz and prayſe/ euer without ende.

Amen.